

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Coffee-House.

WHEREIN
Is contained a Description of the Persons
usually frequenting it, with their Dis-
course and Humors,

AS ALSO
The Admirable Vertues of
COFFEE.

By an Eye and Ear Witness.

*When Coffee once was vended here,
The Alc'ron shortly did appear :
For (our Reformers were such Widgeons,)
New Liquors brought in new Religions,*



Printed in the Year, 1665.

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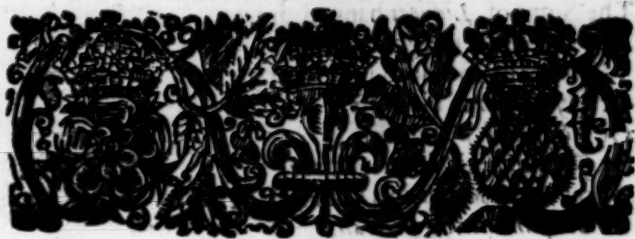
COFFEE.



By an Eminent English Writer.

When Coffee was first introduced into
the City, the People were much surpris'd
For (as our Poets say) such is the Power
New Liquors brought in new Religions.

Printed in the Year, 1662.



(1)

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Coffee-House.



Coffee-house, the learned hold
It as a place where *Coffee's* sold;
This derivation cannot fail us,
For where *Ale* is vended, that's an *Ale*-
This being granted to be true, (*house*).
Tis meet that next the *Sign* we shew

The derivation of
a Coffee-house.

Both *where* and *how* to find this house
Where men such *cordial* *brash* carowle.
And if *Culpepper* wooon some glory
In turning the *Dispensatory*
From *Latin* into *English*, then
Why should not all good *English men*
Give him much thanks who shews a cure
For all *diseases* men endure?

As you along the streets do trudge,
To take the pains you must not grudge,

Sign how
to find it
out.

To view the Posts or Broomsticks where
 The Signs of *Liquors* hanged are.
 And if you see the great *Morat*
 With Shash on's head instead of hat,
 Or any *Sultan* in his dress,
 Or picture of a *Sultaneſs*,
 Or *John's* admir'd curled pate,
 Or th' great *Mogul* in's Chair of State,
 Or *Constantine* the *Grecian*,
 Who fourteen years was th' onely man
 That made *Coffee* for th' great *Bashaw*,
 Although the man he never ſaw :
 Or if you ſee a *Coffee-cup*
 Fil'd from a Turkiſh pot, hung up
 VVithin the clouds, and round it *Pipes*,
Wax Candles, *Stoppers*, theſe are types
 And certain ſigns (with many more
 VVould be too long to write them 'ore,)
 VVhich plainly do Spectators tell
 That in that houſe they *Coffee* ſell.
 Some wiſer than the reſt (no doubt,)
 Say they can by the ſmell find't out ;
 In at a door (ſay they,) but thruſt
 Your Noſe, and if you ſcent *burnt Cruſt*,
 Be ſure there's *Coffee* ſold that's good,
 For ſo by moſt 'tis underſtood.

Now being enter'd, there's no needing
 Of complements or gentle breeding,
 For you may ſeat you any where,
 There's no reſpect of perſons there ;
 Then comes the *Coffee-man* to greet you,
 VVith welcome Sir, let me entreat you,
 To tell me what you'll pleaſe to have,
 For I'm your humble humble ſlave ;

But if you ask, what good does Coffee?
 He'l answer, Sir; don't think I scoff yee,
 If I affirm there's no disease
 Men have that drink it but find ease.
 Look, there's a man who takes the steem
 In at his Nose, has an extreme
Worm in his pare, and giddiness,
 Ask him and he will say no less.
 There sitteth one whose Droptick belly
 Was hard as flint, now's soft as jelly.
 There stands another holds his head
 'Ore th' Coffee-pot, was almost dead
 Even now with Rhume; ask him hee'l say
 That all his Rhum's now past away.
 See, there's a man sits now demure
 And sober, was within this hour
 Quite drunk, and comes here frequently,
 For 'tis his daily Malady.
 More, it has such reviving power
 'Twill keep a man awake an houre,
 Nay, make his eyes wide open stare
 Both Sermon time and all the prayer.
 Sir, should I tell you all the rest
 O'th' cures 't has done, two hours at least
 In numb'ring them I needs must spend,
 Scarce able then to make an end.
 Besides these vertues that's therein,
 For any kind of *Medicine*,
 The *Commonwealth—Kingdom* I'd say,
 Has mighty reason for to pray
 That still *Arabia* may produce
 Enough of Berry for it's use:
 For 't has such strange magnetick force,
 That it draws after't great concourse

The ver-
 tues of
 Coffee.

Of all degrees of persons, even
 From high to low, from morn till even;
 Especially the *sober Party*,
 And News-mongers do drink't most hearty.
 Here you'r not thrust into a *Box*,
 As *Taverns* do to catch the *Fox*,
 But as from th' top of *Pauls* high steeple,
 Th' whole *City's* view'd, even so all *people*
 May here be seen; no secrets are
 At th' *Court* for *Peace*, or th' *Camp* for *War*,
 But straight they'r here disclos'd and known;
 Men in this Age so wise are grown.
 Now (Sir) what profit may accrue
 By this, to all good men, judge you.
 With that he's loudly call'd upon
 For *Coffee*, and then whip he's gone.

The com-
 pany.

Here at a Table sits (perplex'd)
 A griping *Usurer*; and next
 To him a gallant *Furioso*,
 Then nigh to him a *Virtuoso*,
 A *Player* then (full fine,) sits down,
 And close to him a *Country Clown*.
 O'th' other side sits some *Pragmatick*,
 And next to him some sly *Phanatick*.

The sever-
 al liquors

The gallant he for *Tea* doth call,
 The *Usurer* for nought at all.
Pragmatick he doth intreat
 That they will fill him some *Beau-choat*,
 The *Virtuoso* he cries hand me
 Some *Coffee* mixt with *Sugar-candy*,
Phanaticus (at last) says come,
 Bring me some *Aromaticum*.
 The *Player* bawls for *Chocolat*,
 All which the *Bumpkin* wond'ring at,

Cries,

Cries, ho, my *Masters*, what d'ye speak,
 D'ye call for drink in Heathen Greek?
 Give me some good old *Ale* or *Beer*,
 Or else I will not drink, I swear.
 Then having charg'd their *Pipes* around,
 They silence break; First the profound
 And sage *Phanatique*, *Sirs*, what news?
 Troth says the *Us'rer* I ne'r use
 To tip my tongue with such discourse,
 'Twere news to know how to disburse
 A summ of money (makes me sad)
 To get ought by'r, times are so bad.
 The other answers, truly Sir
 You speak but truth, for I'le aver
 They ne'r were worse; did you not hear
 VVhat *prodigies* did late appear
 At *Normich*, *Ipswich*, *Grantham*, *Gossum*?
 And though prophane ones do not nor'em,
 Yet we — Here th' *Virtuoso* stops
 The current of his speech, with hopes
 Quoth he, you will not tak't amiss;
 I say all's lies that's news like this,
 For I have *Factors* all about
 The Realm, so that no *Stars* peep out
 That are unusual, much less these
 Strange and unheard-of *Prodigies*
 You would relate, but they are tost
 To me in letters by first Post.
 At which the *Furioso* swears
 Such chat as this offends his ears,
 It rather doth become this Age
 To talk of bloodshed, fury, rage,
 And t'drink stout healths in brim-fill'd *Nogans*,
 To th' Downfall of the *Hogan Nogans*.

Their dis-
 course.

With

VVith that the *Player* doffs his Bonnet,
 And tunes his voice as if a Sonnet
 VVere to be sung; then gently says,
 O what delight there is in *Plays* !
 Sure if we were but all in *Peace*,
 This noise of *Wars* and *News* would cease;
 All sorts of people then would club
 Their pence to see a Play that's good,
 You'll wonder all this while (perhaps)
 The *Curioso* holds his chaps,
 But he doth in his thoughts devise,
 How to the rest he may seem wise;
 Yet able longer not to hold,
 His tedious tale too must be told,
 And thus begins, Sirs unto me
 It reason seems that liberty
 Of speech and words should be allow'd
 VVhere men of differing judgements croud,
 And that's a *Coffee-house*, for where
 Should men discourse so free as there ?
Coffee and *Commonwealth* begin
 Both with one letter, both came in
 Together for a *Reformation*,
 To make's a free and sober *Nation*.
 But now——With that *Phanaticus*
 Gives him a nod, and speaks him thus,
 Hold brother, I know your intent,
 That's no dispute convenient
 For this same place, truths seldom find
 Acceptance here, they'r more confin'd
 To *Taverns* and to *Ale-house* liquor,
 VVhere men do vent their minds more quicker,
 If that may for a truth but pass
 VVhat's said, *In vino veritas*.

VVith

With that up starts the *Country Clown*,
 And stares about with threatening frown,
 As if he would even eat them all up,
 Then bids the boy run quick and call up
 A *Constable*, for he has reason
 To fear their Latin may be *treason*.
 But straight they all call what's to pay,
 Lay't down, and march each several way.

At th'other table sits a *Knight*,
 And here a *grave old man* ore right
 Against his *worship*, then perhaps
 That *by and by* a *Drawer* claps
 His bum close by them, there down squats
 A *dealer in old shoes and hats*;
 And here withouten any panick
 Fear, dread or care a bold *Mechanic*.

The com-
 pany.

The *Knight* (because he's so) he prates
 Of matters far beyond their pates.

Their dis-
 course.

The *grave old man* he makes a bustle,
 And his wise sentence in *most* justle.

Up starts th' *Apprentice boy* and he
 Says boldly so and so't must be.

The *dealer in old shoes* to utter

His saying too makes no small sputter.

Then comes the pert *mechanick blade*,

And contradicts what all have said.

The end of all their *Chat* is this,

Each for the *Dutch* have *rods in piss*.

There by the *fier-side* doth sit

One freezing in an *Ague* fit.

Another poking in't with th' *tongs*,

Still ready to cough up his lungs.

Here sitteth one that's *melancolick*,

And there one singing in a frolick.

Each one hath such a pretty gesture,
 At Smithfield fair would yield a tester.
 Boy reach a pipe cries he that shakes,
 The songster no Tobacco takes,
 Says he who coughs, nor do I smoak,
 Then *Monsieur Mopus* turns his cloak
 Off from his face, and with a grave
 Majestick beck his pipe doth crave.
 They load their guns and fall a smoaking,
 Whilst he who coughs sits by a choaking,
 Till he no longer can abide,
 And so removes from th' fier side.
 Now all th's while none calls to drink,
 Which makes the *Coffee boy* to think
 Much they his pots should so enclose,
 He cannot pass but tread on toes.
 With that as he the *Nectar* fills
 From pot to pot, some on't he spills
 Upon the *Songster*, Oh cries he,
 Pox, what dost do? thou'lt burn my knee
 No says the boy, (to make a bald
 And blind excuse,) *Sir 'twill not scald.*
 With that the man lends him a cuff
 O'th' ear, and whips away in snuff.
 The other two, their pipes being out,
 Says *Monsieur Mopus* I much doubt
 My friend I wait for will not come,
 But if he do, say I'm gone home.
 Then says the *Aguish man* I must come
 According to my wonted custome,
 To give ye' a visite, although now
 I dare not drink, and so *adieu*.
 The boy replies, O Sir, however
 You'r very welcome, we do never

Our *Candles, Pipes* or *Fier grutch*
 To daily customers and such,
 'They'r *Company* (without expence,) .
 For that's sufficient recompence.
 Here at a table all alone,
 Sits (studying) a *spruce youngster*, (one
 VWho doth conceipt himself full witty,
 And's 'counted *one o'th' wits o' th' City*,)
 Till by him (with a stately grace,)
 A Spanish *Don* himself doth place.
 Then (cap in hand) a brisk *Monsieur*
 He takes his seat, and crowds as near
 As possibly that he can come.
 Then next a *Dutchman* takes his room.
 The Wits glib tongue begins to chatter,
 Though't utters more of noise than matter,
 Yet 'cause they seem to mind his words,
 His lungs more rattle still affords.
 At last says he to *Don*, I trow
 You understand me? *Sennor no*
 Says th' other. Here the Wit doth pause:
 A little while, then opes his jaws,
 And says to *Monsieur*, you enjoy
 Our tongue I hope? *Non par ma foy*,
 Replies the *Frenchman*: nor you, Sir?
 Says he to th' *Dutchman*, *Neen mynbeer*:
 VWith that he's gone, and cries, why sho'd
 He stay where *wit's* not understood?
 There in a place of his own chusing
 (Alone) some *lover* sits a musing,
 VWith arms across, and's eyes up lift,
 As if he were of sence bereft,
 Till sometimes to himself he's speaking,
 Then sighs as if his heart were breaking-

Here in a corner fits a *Phrantick*,
 And there stands by a frisking *Antick*.
 Of all sorts some and all conditions,
 Even *Vintners*, *Surgeons* and *Physicians*.
 The *blind*, the *deaf*, and *aged cripple*
 Do here resort and *Coffee* ripple.

Now here (perhaps) you may expect
 My *Muse* some *trophies* should erect
 In high flown verse, for to set forth
 The noble praises of its worth.

Truth is, *old Poets* beat their brains
 To find out high and lofty strains
 To praise the (now too frequent) use
 Of the bewitching *grapes strong juice*.
 Some have strain'd hard for to exalt
 The *liquor* of our *English Maule*,
 Nay *Don* has almost crackt his *nodle*
 Enough t' applaud his *Caaco Caudle*.
 The *Germans Mum*, *Teag's Usquebagh*,
 (Made him so well defend *Tredagh*),
Metheglin, which the *Britains* *rope*,
 Hot *Brandy wine*, the *Hogans hope*,
 Stout *Meade* which makes the *Kiss* to laugh,
 Spic'd *Punch* (in bowls,) the *Indians quaff*.
 All these have had their pens to raise
 Them *Monuments* of lasting praise,
 Onely poor *Coffee* seems to me
 No subject fit for *Poetry*.
 At least 'tis one that none of mine is,
 So I do wave't, and here write

FINIS

